

Highlights®

THE MONTHLY BOOK
for Children

February
1973

INCLUDING

Children's
Activities®

fun

with a
purpose

Hello!



Highlights for Children

Volume 28
Number 2
February 1973

This book of wholesome fun is dedicated to helping children grow in basic skills and knowledge in creativity, ability to think and reason in sensitivity to others in high ideals and worthy ways of living—for CHILDREN are the world's most important people

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1884-1971

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Highlights for Children, incorporating Children's Activities, is published monthly, except bimonthly June-July and August-September, and semimonthly in December, by HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN, INC.
Business Offices: 2300 W. Fifth Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43216
Editorial Offices: 803 Church St., Homestead, Pa. 16431
HIGHLIGHTS is sold nationally by bonded representatives. It is not sold on newsstands.

33 Issues (three years)—\$19.95

55 Issues (five years)—\$29.95

Limited Library Edition—\$39.95

33 Issues individually bound

Above prices include Resource/Index issue

Extra postage to Canada \$1.00 per year;
to foreign countries \$2.00 per year.
Single issues (current or back copies) \$1.00.
Indexes (1963 through 1972) \$1.00 each.
Send CHANGE OF ADDRESS information, giving old and new addresses (preferably with recent address label), to
HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN, INC., P.O. Box 269,
Columbus, Ohio 43216.
Please indicate your Zip Code number when you write to us.
Contributors are invited to send original work
of high quality—stories, articles, craft ideas—
to HIGHLIGHTS Editorial Offices, Homestead, Pa. 16431.
Editorial requirements and payment schedules on request.
Second Class Postage paid at Columbus, Ohio,
and at additional mailing offices.



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Service	Safety	Brotherhood	Patriotism
National Association for Gifted Children	NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL	National Conference of Christians and Jews	Freedoms Foundation
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EDPRESS			

PARENTS PAGE...PARENTS PAGE...PARENTS PAGE...

PARENTS:

This special insert will help you add more fun to reading and creative activities in your family. The "save-a-dollar" budget packs help you save money. But more important, they help school work now—and provide learning adventure for vacation-time later. Highlights books and Fun/Do games stress enjoyment, but they also strengthen skills and enrich knowledge. Be sure to see all of this insert, including the next page and inside the back cover.

SAVE-A-DOLLAR
budget packs
for Highlights
subscribers only

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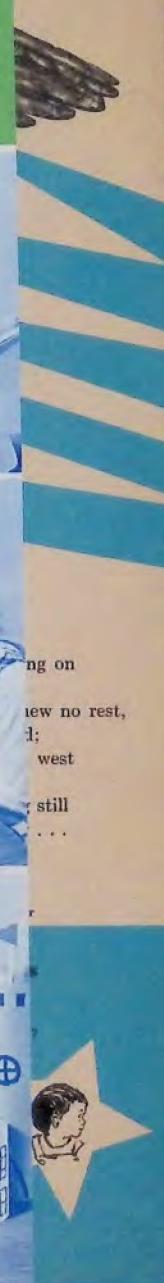
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Jumbo, hardcover. More than 370 ideas for all seasons and holidays, using simple materials.

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Additional Budget Packs and other Highlights materials are described on other pages of this insert.



PARENTS PAGE...PARENTS PAGE...PARENTS PAGE...

High

More about "save-a-dollar" budget packs...

Volume
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BUDGET PACK

4



For creative thinkers
who read independently

Crossword Puzzles from Highlights

Puzzles increase vocabulary, improve reading and spelling skills. Answers given.

Jokes from Highlights

Hundreds of jokes selected by children as the funniest they ever heard.

Riddles from Highlights

Selected by children as the most challenging they had ever seen. Answers given.

Creative Thinking Activities

A wide variety of activities to encourage children of all ages and abilities to think and reason.

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Stimulating material that recognizes a child's natural urge to think and reason.



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This book is dedicated to help children in basic reading skills. It is designed for children in grades 1 through 4. It includes activities for children with learning difficulties, as well as those who are gifted.

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Editor
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Associate

Assistant

BUDGET PACK

5



For enjoying little-known and interesting facts

American Indians

Hard-to-find facts about everyday life and culture of American Indians. Richly illustrated.

The Pilgrims and Their Times

Stories about the life of Pilgrim children in a new world, with facts not usually found in textbooks.

Lincoln and Washington

Stories about childhood experiences which reveal the emerging character of two great presidents.

Biographies of Black Americans for All Americans

Relates the accomplishments of black Americans who have made history.

The Life and Times of Eight Presidents

Biographies of 8 presidents from Washington to Kennedy and facts about the world when each lived.

Children Around the World

Stories about children of 18 lands; maps and facts about each country.



Choose Budget Pack 5 and "save-a-dollar" ... \$6.00 value for only \$5.00.

Highlights

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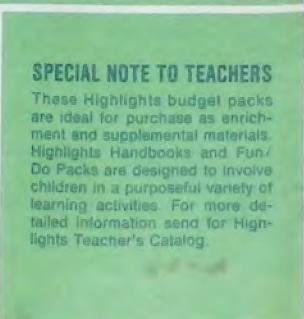
For the Family Library—
children and adults

For Beginning the School Day

And every day! A wide variety of inspirational materials to read and talk about with children.

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Choose Budget Pack 6 and "save-a-dollar" ... \$7.90 value for only \$6.90

Combination prices in effect only until July 1, 1973. Turn to Inside back cover for more descriptions and Order Form.

B



Photograph of an eagle carved in pine by Richard L. Kreitner, Honesdale, Pa.

Whenever I Say America

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Whenever I say "America"
I say so many things!—
Something shouts in the syllables,
Something echoes and sings.
Maybe it's hope, maybe it's pride.
Maybe it's only love,
Maybe it's just a kind of hail
To the flag that flies above,
The flag that flies so broad and bright
From dawn to setting sun,
And takes the wind and takes the light,—
The flag our fathers won!

Whenever I say "America"
Old pictures come to me
Of lonely prows, slow pushing on
Across a stormy sea;
Of men and women who knew no rest,
Toiling with heart and hand;
Of covered wagons rocking west
Into an unknown land;
Of freemen striving, striving still
In Freedom's old, hard way . . .
Whenever I say "America"
So many things I say!

By permission of Nancy Byrd Turner



Find the Pictures

Can you find each
of these small pictures
at another place in this book?

A Guide for Parents and Teachers

This chart is to guide parents and teachers in selecting features from this issue which will prove most helpful to each particular child.

What Is Emphasized

Page	Preparation for Reading	Easy Reading	More Advanced Reading	Manners, Conduct, Living With Others	Smiles and Laughter	Moral and Spiritual Values	Poetry, Music, and Other Arts	Nature and Science	Our Country, Other Lands and Peoples	Stimulation To Think and Reason	Stimulation To Create
3 Find the Pictures	✓	✓									
5 Editorial			✓	✓							
6 Dust Storm			✓								
8 For Wee Folks	✓	✓								✓	
9 How Do You Know		✓				✓	✓		✓		
10 Hidden Pictures	✓	✓								✓	
11 Find the Owls	✓	✓								✓	
12 The Timbertoes	✓	✓			✓						
13 Tricks and Treats			✓							✓	
14 The Bear Family	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓					
15 Sammy Spivens		✓	✓		✓						
16 Jeremy's Adventure		✓									
18 Science Reporting		✓					✓				
19 My Praying Mantis		✓					✓		✓		
20 Heart Show Love		✓									
22 Storks of Poland			✓					✓			
24 Mr. Lincoln			✓		✓				✓		
26 Valentines & Peels		✓									
27 Matching Valentines		✓								✓	
28 Goofus and Gallant	✓	✓		✓	✓						
29 Out in the Snow	✓	✓									
30 About Washington			✓						✓		
31 Fun With Phonics	✓	✓	✓						✓		
33 Ignaz Moscheles			✓								
35 For Smart Minds	✓	✓	✓						✓		
36 Our Own Pages	✓	✓	✓							✓	
37 Letters to Editor			✓							✓	
38 Harry S. Truman			✓								
40 Things To Make		✓	✓							✓	
42 Headwork	✓	✓	✓								✓
43 Yarn Valentine			✓								✓

★ This star seen at the bottom of many pages indicates a footnote to parents and teachers.

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Let's Talk Things Over

When you were only two or three, a new baby brother or sister may have come to your home. Before the baby came, you were the only child. Your father and mother had just you to care for, talk to, and have fun with. When your grandma and grandpa and aunt and uncle came, they talked about you. They talked to you, brought you toys, did things with you, played with you. You felt important.

But after the baby came, you didn't feel quite so important. Your mother had to spend so much time feeding and changing and bathing the baby that, with all her other work, she didn't have much time to read to you, talk to you, and play with you. Even Dad did not have as much time to do things with you as he had before the baby came.

When your grandma and grandpa and aunt and uncle came, they seemed to be more interested in the baby than they were in you. When other big people came, they may have talked about the baby and scarcely noticed you.

Perhaps you felt a little sad and lonely. You even may have felt angry at times, and talked angry, and acted angry. You may have cried and whined more than you did before the baby came. Maybe you grew a little stubborn and did more bad things and got punished more. This made you feel more



Johnny likes to entertain his little brother.

angry and made you do more bad things. Sometimes you wished there were no baby.

Even when you were three or four years old, you may have begged your mother to rock you and bathe you and cuddle you so you could pretend you were the baby. When your mother understood, she found more time to spend with you. So did your father.

Now that you are five, eight, or twelve, you may still feel at times that you are not as important as your next younger brother or sister. You are wrong, of course. Think of all the things you know and can do that he or she can't do. You have more playmates. You can go to more places. You have more to talk about and think about. You have lots and lots of ways to feel important.

Indeed, you may know so much and have so much fun with other children, and do so much to make older persons see how fast you are growing up, that you can feel very happy.

Sometimes a younger brother or sister feels as sad and lonely as you felt when he was only a tiny baby.

Any child who feels he is not important in the family needs to think of all the kind and lovely things his parents and other persons say about him and do for him. He needs to think of all the things which make him different from everybody else. He needs to think of how he is growing up. In these ways you may help yourself, and help a younger or older brother or sister, to feel more happy.

Garry C. Myers

—G.C.M.



Dust Storm

By Trish Collins

John lived on a small farm in the dust bowl, the dry and windy plains east of the Rocky Mountains. Alone on the farm, he pushed through the hot strong wind to the barn and went in.

His mare Peggy pounded her front hoofs on the plank flooring in greeting. She was born the same year as John, ten years ago. Since then they had explored the dusty countryside together under the hot summer sun, John riding bareback always, his bare feet tucked around Peggy's strong body.

This morning before driving to town, his father had said, "Keep watch to the west for a dust storm. I'll be home with Mother and your new baby sister by bedtime. But remember, if the sand begins to drift and the air fills with dust, go down the road to Grandmother's

farm. Neither of you should be alone during a storm."

Throughout the barn the cows and sheep seemed restless, but they had plenty to eat and drink. They would be safe here in the barn. John wanted to be certain of that before he left. It was getting harder and harder to see. Day was becoming dark as night. Dust was cutting off the sun's rays. John didn't like the gritty dust he could taste in his mouth even here in the barn. It soon would be difficult to breathe outside. John felt uneasy and uncertain of what he should do. "Go to Grandmother's," his father had told him. But would he and Peggy make it through the storm?

When John looked out the small west window, he saw the sand swirling around on the strong wind. He scowled. They had about five minutes before the greatest cloud of dust

would whip over the farm. With the wind behind them, maybe he and Peggy could reach Grandmother's farm ahead of the thickest cloud.

He paused. Here he and Peggy were safe from the choking dust. But his father wanted him to be with Grandmother during a storm.

He swallowed, fear rising in his dry throat. It told him to stay in the barn, but he was sure his father knew best. He and Peggy must go.

He ran to his horse and bridled her. "The dust will get in our lungs," he said to the mare. "What can I do to stop it? Dad told me once that people sometimes wear masks to protect their throats and lungs. If we don't cover our noses, we might not be able to breathe out there."

Peggy backed out of her stall. "A blanket!" John said. "A wet blanket! That would help. There must be an old one around here somewhere."

In the corner he found a torn blanket. Taking it to the watering trough, he opened it up, and dropped it into the water.

When he pulled it out of the water, it was so heavy he could barely lift it. He tried to wring out some of the water, but that was impossible. He bunched the dripping blanket in his arms and hurried back to Peggy. Now they had something to catch the dust and cover them both.

"This wet blanket may feel cool," John said, putting it up on Peggy's back. He was right. Peggy pranced about to shake it off. "Peggy, we've got to have it. Steady, girl, steady."

John pushed against the barn door with all his strength and led Peggy out into the storm.

By that time it was impossible to see more than a few yards ahead. Coarse sand bit against John's face, and the wind swirled dust into his

eyes. He squinted and put his head down.

John threw his body across the mare's back, almost losing the blanket over the other side. Throwing his leg over, he pulled the blanket over his head and sat up. He pushed part of the blanket over Peggy's head.

She jumped back, but under John's gentle urging, finally pranced out to the road.

By this time John had found a hole in the old blanket for Peggy to see through. He shouted into their tent, "Giddap, Peggy."

Away Peggy galloped down the road to Grandmother's farm. She knew her way there and also up the lane to the barn. There she stopped.

John lifted the blanket. The barn door was banging back and forth. He wondered why Grandmother had left it open with a storm coming up. He pulled the blanket off and slid to the ground.

By now it was impossible to see more than a few feet ahead. Suddenly John saw his grandmother lying on the ground by the banging door.

"Grandmother, what's the matter?" John ran over and knelt down by his little grandmother. She was coated with sand, and her face was

pale. He lifted her head into his lap, and she squinted up at him.

"Help me into the barn," she whispered.

John helped her sit up. Then he hooked the barn door open so it would not bang against them. With the frail old lady leaning on him, they started for the barn, inching their way through the dark choking dust.

When they were inside and Grandmother was seated on a bench, John called, "Come on, Peggy." After the horse was in the barn, John unhooked the door. The wind tried to grab it, but he managed to shut it tightly and latch it.

Then he sat down next to his grandmother. "Are you all right?" he asked. "What happened?"

"I'm all right now. But I'm glad you came," she said softly. "When the wind came up, I came out to close the barn door. The wind grabbed the door and me, and somehow I hit my head. The next thing I remembered was your voice." Then she smiled. "Thank you, John."

The storm was raging outside, beating sand against the barn, but John and his grandmother were snug, and in the stall Peggy whinnied contentedly.



* Interesting stories promote better reading.

Jokes

Selected by Children
Seven to Twelve Years of Age

Teacher: "Eddie, your hands are very dirty. What would you say if I came to school with dirty hands?" Eddie: "I'd be too polite to mention it."

Joan Newbold—New York

Billy: "Mother, I can't telephone the zoo."

Mother: "Why not, dear?"

Billy: "Because the lion's busy."

Lynne Stratton—Oklahoma

Mother: "What is the idea of this zero on your report card?"

Son: "That's no zero. Teacher ran out of stars so she gave me a moon."

Christine Kornepay—Colorado

Aunt: "How do you like school, Joe?"

Joe: "Closed."

Jeanne Marie Clancy—New York

Employer: "Why are you here? Didn't you receive my letter saying you were fired?"

Employee: "Yes, but on the envelope it said, 'Return after five days.' So here I am."

Nancy Pazzese—Ontario, Canada

Storekeeper: "Did you kill any moths with those moth balls I sold you?"

Customer: "I was trying all day, but I couldn't hit one."

Mark Berardelli—Pennsylvania

Timmy: "Is your water supply healthy?"

Rob: "Yes, we use well water."

Annette Cole—California

Send us the funniest joke or the best riddle you ever heard with your name, age, and home address. If we think it good enough, we might print it in HIGHLIGHTS. Mail to Highlights for Children, Honesdale, Pa. 18431

Point to the letters made only with straight lines.
To letters made only with a curved line.
To the letter made with a straight line and
a curved line.

C L V P O

For Wee Folks

Which of these eat with a spoon or fork?
Do any creatures but people eat with forks or spoons?
How do they get food into their mouths?



Which is harder?
pretzel or chewing gum
mud or rocks
snow or ice
tomato or pear
meat or bone
balloon or basketball
ice cream or milk
sand or oatmeal
steel or wood
butter or cream
wire or string
mashed potato or raw potato
pancake or cookie

★ Suggested thinking activities for parents to use
with very young children.

Which make you think of something warm?
Something cold?



What Would You Do?

Suppose you promised your teacher yesterday to bring some rope for the school play today, but you forgot to bring it. What would you do?

Suppose, while your mother was away, you and a playmate broke your mother's best glass vase in a pillow fight. What would you do?

Suppose, while your parents were away, a person came to the door who was a stranger to you and wanted to borrow your mother's silver teapot. What would you do?

Suppose on the way to school you tried to walk on thin ice over a wide puddle and got your feet wet. What would you do?

Suppose you spilled a small pail of water on the linoleum-covered floor of the kitchen. What would you do?

Suppose you went with your father to a circus and, after the circus was over, you got lost in the crowd. What would you do?

How Do You Know



That these pigs are not hungry?



That the sun is shining?



That ice and snow are rarely
or never seen here?

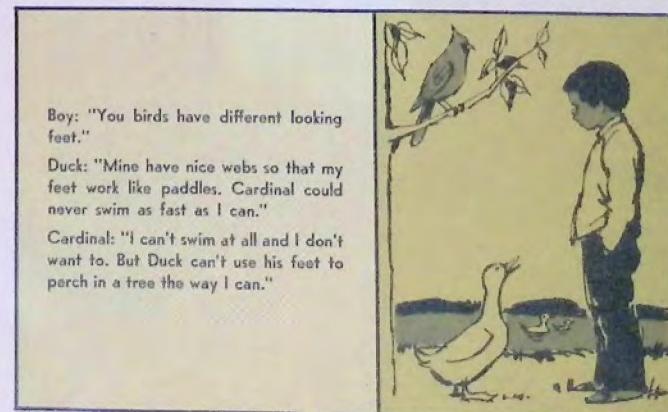


That the wind is blowing?

Can You?

Which of the following could you do?

fry an egg	toast bread
pop corn	shell peas
turn pancakes	swat a fly
make your bed	read a book
write a letter	drive a nail
peel a potato	drive a car
ride a horse	ride a bicycle
saw a piece off a board	
draw a picture of a puppy	
dig a hole in the ground	





Hidden Pictures

Can you find these objects in the large picture above?

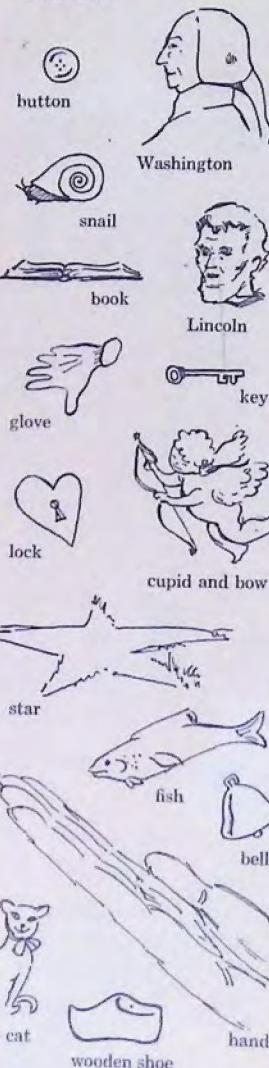
hand lock cat snail Washington
button star key fish wooden shoe
Lincoln glove bell book cupid and bow

Valentine

Look on page 11
for little pictures
of the hidden objects.

* An activity for the entire family.

Can you find these objects
in the large picture
at the left?



Find the Owls

By Ann Stacey



Which two owls are the most nearly alike?

The answer is on page 11.

Danger From Fire

Would there be danger from fire
If a young child played with
matches?

If trash were burned outdoors near
a house on a windy day?

If some hikers built a fire on a hike
through the woods?

If you burned dry leaves near your
house?

If an older person threw a lighted
cigarette or cigar from a car into
the woods by the side of the road?

If there were papers and other trash
left in the garage?

If there were no screen in front of
a burning fireplace?

Name other dangers from fire.



"You know, Sandra often comes late to
school. She must be lazy in the morn-
ing."

"Oh, no. Sandra's mother is in the hos-
pital. Sandra gets breakfast every morn-
ing and helps her brother get ready for
kindergarten. After school she hurries
home to get the family dinner."

"I'm glad you told me. I certainly had
the wrong idea about her."

Look at the girl at the left.
Find her shoes at the right.
Do the same for the father and mother.



The Bear Family Discuss Tattling

By Garry Cleveland Myers
Pictures by Virginia Filson Walsh



Mother: "Must we have so much tattling? I don't like to hear it."

Poozy: "The other kids tattle on me."

Woozy: "Poozy and Piddy are always telling what I've done."

Father: "You're not very kind when you tell about the bad things."



Father: "Why do kids tattle?"

Mother: "To see another kid get punished, I guess."



Father: "Maybe we shouldn't punish the child tattled on."

Mother: "Let's just listen, and then keep our eyes and ears open."



Poozy: "Should we ever tell on anybody?"
Mother: "Yes, when he's doing something that's dangerous."

Father: "Or endangering something or somebody else."
Piddy: "I'm going to quit tattling right away."



Sammy Spivens

By Dorothy Waldo Phillips

Illustrated by Sidney Quinn

Hello there:

From every nook and corner, from every open window, parents were calling, "Absolutely *no* pond today. This is February and the ice that is still there is thin and dangerous."

Thus it was that on this dreary Saturday in February, Sammy's Surprise Club and I settled down to an afternoon of storytelling.

Just then Yanko, merry little magic man of nature, joined us.

"Cheer up," he said. "How about my telling you some of my pretend *In the beginning* stories?"

"Go ahead," shouted Sammy, "especially the giggly ones."

So, amidst the peanuts, popcorn, and party cookies, Yanko held forth. "Soon we'll be visiting the Children's Zoo and we shall want to know why each animal is different. This, then, is one of my *In the beginning* stories.

"As I first beheld those two strange animals, the Yak and the Gnu, I wondered just what they were talking about to one another.

"Some of my zoo animal friends told me of a conversation they'd overheard between these rather weird creatures.

"One day the Yak, meeting the Gnu, said, 'What a strange-looking guy you are. Your head is like a large ox, but your body is thin.'

"But the Gnu was one who always knew it all.

"Proudly she said, 'I was created by nature to inhabit the great continent of Africa. My ancestors were of the antelope family.' Then, with a Gnu-ish sniff, she asked, 'Do you realize that you, too, have a head like an ox on a thin body?'



"'Poo,' yakked the Yak. 'True, I am of the ox family, but I was created to inhabit the great plains of Tibet. This makes me infinitely superior! (*Superior* means better than you are, by George)'

"I've met both these fellows in

crossword puzzles but never in person," I said. "From now on I shall look in the mirror before I criticize others."

"Now I shall tell my favorite animal story," I said. "This one is all about Mervin, the mixed-up monkey."

"Seems that Nature decided that the world needed more monkey-shines. So that's how the first monkey came to be."

"Mervin, jam-packed with mischief and merriment, jogged through the jungles, making faces at people and cavorting and chattering with other animals."

"He never took a bath or cleaned his teeth or went to bed when he was told. He ate bananas like crazy and threw the skins all over the forest."

"As the great eagle soared across the skies he hissed, 'What a litter he makes!'

"Do you suppose that's why billboards warn *Don't be a litterbug?*"

"And," Yanko said, "don't be a showoff. Be yourself."

"Before we all scrambled back to our homes, we decided that we can learn much from animals about what to do and what *not* to do."

"On this day we learned not to be a showoff or make fun of others. We learned not to be a litterbug but to keep America beautiful."

"But most important of all we learned not to think that we are better than others."

See you in March.

Love and kisses,
Aunt Dorothy

P.S. Columbus warned his family, "There are two kinds of springs—the joyous new world ahead, and the spring of mousetraps."



Jeremy's Adventure in the Woods

INTRODUCTION

Most people become famous because of what they do as adults. But have you ever wondered what they did or were like when they were youngsters? Although this isn't a true story, it does give you an idea of what might have happened in the life of a certain famous person when he was about your age.

By Marilyn Kratz

Jeremy Davis crawled out the window, then turned for a last look around the little one-room log cabin. In the faint glow from the dying fire in the fireplace, he could see Ma and Pa sleeping in their old iron bed. In the opposite corner, Sarah and Elizabeth cuddled for warmth in their lower bunk bed. For just a moment Jeremy wished he were back under the covers in his top bunk.

Then he quietly closed the wooden shutters and turned toward the woods, determined to carry out his well-made plans.

Jeremy paused near a large bush at the edge of the clearing surrounding the cabin. He brushed the snow from a bundle of supplies he had hidden there earlier that day

and flung it over his shoulder. Then he plunged into the cold dark woods. He had to reach the cave before daybreak.

The cold air stung Jeremy's lungs. He paused after a time and breathed into his cupped hands. He had played in these woods almost every day in his nine years, but they seemed strangely unfamiliar in the middle of the night.

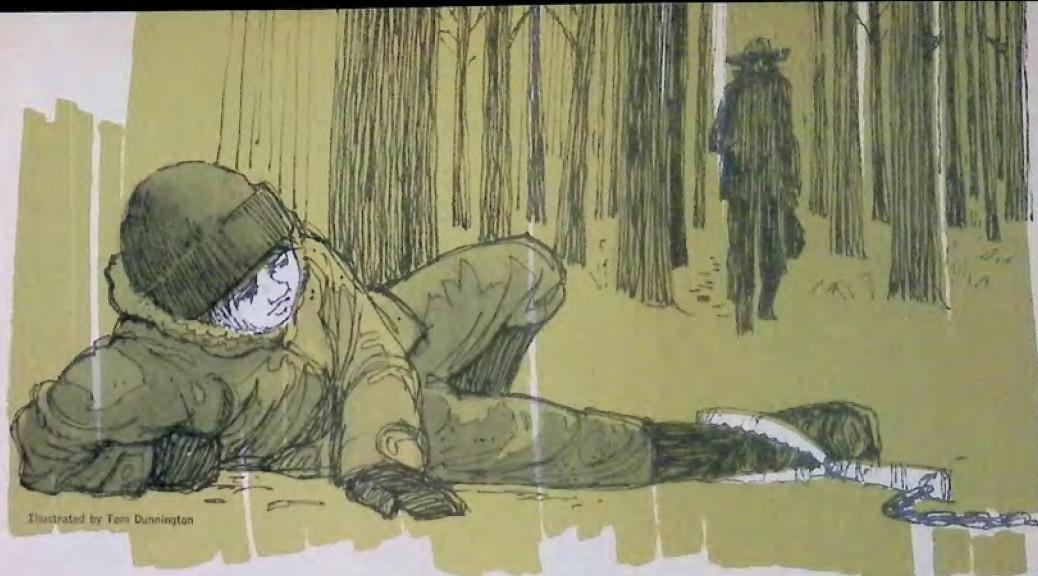
"There's nothing to be afraid of," he said aloud, then jumped as a rabbit brushed past his leg. Jeremy laughed nervously and touched the hunting knife hanging from his belt.

He trudged on thinking of the events which had led to this night. It was just last week when cousin Homer had come with the news that a teacher had finally been secured for the village school, and Aunt Agnes wanted Jeremy to stay with her and attend school.

Why had Ma been so pleased with that news? Jeremy didn't want to learn to read and write and figure. He just wanted to go on hunting and fishing and helping Pa with the farming as he'd always done. That was the reason he was leaving home. He didn't plan to stay away forever—just until he was too old to go to school.

Suddenly, Jeremy heard a loud clank! Something grasped his leg, causing him to fall face down in the snow. For a moment he lay there, dazed. Then he sat up and felt his leg. It was caught firmly in the iron jaws of a bear trap! Thanks to Jeremy's heavy leather boots, his leg was not cut, but already his toes were beginning to numb.

Jeremy worked as hard as he could but was not able to free his



Illustrated by Tom Dunnington

leg. At last, he lay back, exhausted, on the snow-covered ground.

Then he heard a sound which made him shudder with fear. Footsteps—coming straight toward him! Could it be a bear?

"Well, you're the smallest bear I ever did see in my pappy's trap," said a friendly voice.

A silvery half-moon slid from behind a cloud. In the pale light, Jeremy could see a boy, not much older than himself.

"My leg—please," Jeremy faltered.

Already the boy was kneeling beside him, working at the hinges of the trap.

"Lucky for you I decided to check this trap on my way home from the Carter's place 'cross the woods," said the boy. "I was there to borrow a book."

"You walked all that way—just for a book?" Jeremy asked.

"Oh, this is a special book," the boy went on. "It's all about George Washington. He was our first President, you know."

Jeremy hadn't known that, nor

had he ever cared before now. But the enthusiasm in the boy's voice interested him.

"You read a lot of books?" he asked.

"Nope," the boy admitted frankly. "Just those I can borrow, and around here, there aren't many."

"Did you learn to read in school?" Jeremy asked.

"No, I haven't been to school much," said the boy. "I mostly taught myself how to read."

"Why?" Jeremy asked.

"Because—" the boy began, then paused. When he spoke again, there was a touch of awe in his voice. "Because reading books is like meeting people and seeing strange places and having adventures I could never hope to have otherwise."

The boy had the trap open now. Gently he lifted Jeremy's leg from between the iron teeth and helped him to stand.

"I'd better help you to your home," said the boy. "I reckon my pappy won't mind me being a little late for chores."

On the way back to Jeremy's

home the boy told him about another book he had read recently. Jeremy listened in fascination. Never before had he realized how little he knew of the world outside these woods. He was relieved that the boy did not ask him why he had been in the woods alone after dark.

When they reached the edge of the clearing, Jeremy paused.

"I can make it alone the rest of the way," he said. "Thanks—for everything."

"Glad to help," said the boy and turned to go.

"Wait!" Jeremy called. "I—I'm going to start school in the village next week. I'll see if I can bring home some books once in a while for you to borrow."

"Would you?" The boy's eyes lit up. "I'd be mighty beholdin' to you."

"My name's Jeremy Davis," Jeremy said, extending his hand for a very grown-up good-bye. "What's yours?"

"Abraham Lincoln," said the boy. "But most folks just call me Abe."

Science Reporting Electronics Helps the Blind To See

By Forrest Mims

There are millions of blind people in the world today. Science is working hard to help them.

A blind person needs something to use in place of seeing so that he can walk around without crashing into objects such as trees or houses or other people. So one of the most important projects to aid the blind is the development of electronic mobility aids. These devices send out a beam of light or sound which is reflected from nearby objects.

Dr. Kay's mobility aid can be carried in the hand and several hundred are being used in England, New Zealand, and the United States. Some blind people find the aid very useful. The aids can be bought in the United States and Europe for a few hundred dollars.

One mobility aid was developed in England by Dr. Leslie Kay. The aid locates objects with a beam of sound which cannot be heard by the human ear. It shows the location



Blind Vietnamese youngster with electronic mobility aid.

of objects and their distance with sound patterns the blind person hears with an earphone.

Pointing the aid toward and then past a tree trunk sounds like "whoosh...WHEEP... whoosh." The "whoosh" is a very quiet sound and means nothing is in the way. The "WHEEP" warns about the tree and changes pitch as the aid is moved closer.

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A mobility aid which is built into a cane was recently developed in Pennsylvania. It uses three tiny lasers and receivers to detect practically any object in its path and warns about obstacles and their distance with a small speaker or by poking the blind person's finger. The laser cane is very expensive. Fewer than a dozen have been built so far, and each costs about \$4,500.

Some mobility aids have been put in special eyeglasses so a blind person can "look" for objects by simply moving his head. Dr. Kay has built an eyeglass aid which finds objects with a beam of sound, and an engineer in New Mexico has developed

an eyeglass aid which uses a laser.

Science is helping the blind to see in other ways, too. A scientist in California has made a machine which permits blind people to read books and magazines. Called the Optacon, the machine forms the outline of letters so they can be felt with a fingertip. Optacons are now being manufactured for sale. They are very expensive, about \$5,000, but the price is expected to drop soon.

There are several other electronic aids for the blind. One helps a blind person fill a glass with water without spilling any. A gadget hangs from the edge of the glass and hums when the water rises high enough to touch it.

There is even a compass for the blind. When pointed north, it emits a musical tone.

What's next? Scientists are trying to develop ways to give actual sight to some blind people with light-sensitive electronic sensors connected to the brain by tiny wires. In the future it may be possible for some blind people to see with electronic sensors. Meanwhile, scientists will continue to improve present devices such as mobility aids and reading machines. And they will try to make them simpler and cheaper so that every blind person will be able to have one.



Eyeglass-mounted mobility aid.



My mantis with her new foamy, but hard, egg case.

My Praying Mantis

Last fall I found an insect in the middle of my lawn. It was large and easy to see. It didn't look as if it belonged in the grass. Looking through a book on insects, I learned it is called the praying mantis.

The praying mantis is also called the praying mantid. I learned this after reading through three books. As you might guess after looking at a picture, the praying mantis is called praying mantis because of its posture. This posture is like our hand position when we are praying. But it is also called preying mantis. This is because what it eats is called prey and it is a *predator*. Its prey is usually insects.

When the mantis eats a grasshopper, it stays still until the grasshopper gets real close. Then he reaches out quickly with his big

front legs and catches the grasshopper. I watched my praying mantis eat many grasshoppers. He didn't eat the wings or the legs. He just ate the body and head. I did not throw away the wings and legs for several days—then there was a very big pile of wings and legs left.

Praying mantises live in the fields, trees, bushes, and gardens most of the year. Here they eat lots of insects. Some of the insect prey that the mantis eats in turn would eat plants that man likes or grows for food. Thus, the mantis is very helpful to man because he eats these harmful insects. People even buy egg cases filled with baby mantises. The people then put these in their gardens so the harmful insects will be eaten. I don't think anyone should kill the praying mantis.

Donat Denoncourt, Age 11
(with help from his father)

My sister Carol and I are looking at the mantis and her egg case.



This is what a grasshopper sees just before the mantis catches him.



These wings and legs were left after the mantis ate the grasshoppers' bodies.



In the fall the praying mantis is easier to find. He has grown larger and there are no leaves to help hide him. The mantis mates in the fall. When the male and female see each other, the female comes toward the male. The male tries to look like a stick, but the female finds him. They start a sort of mating dance that looks like fighting. The male flies up into the air, flaps his wings and comes back again. This flapping is frequently done when he is frightened or trying to scare something away. Perhaps he knows that sometimes the female mantis eats the male!

My praying mantis was a female and she must have mated before I found her. In a few days my mantis laid eggs. The eggs were put into a whitish foamy mass. I thought the egg case would be soft. But the foam was hard. This egg case protects the eggs and growing mantises through the long winter. I am saving my mantis egg case until next spring. Then I will put it into the garden and let the new mantises eat the harmful insects.

My praying mantis died after about two weeks. This happens to all the big mantises after they have mated and laid their eggs. Look for the egg cases in the bushes around your house. But don't remove them, if you find any. You are lucky. You will have help killing the insects around your house.

A Heart Should Show Love

By Geraldine Ross
Illustrated by Lois Axeman

Miss Maple, the third-grade teacher, came into her classroom carrying a big box. It was covered with red tissue paper and topped with a white ribbon bow.

"I am late with our valentine box," Miss Maple said. "But, at last, here it is."

Then she turned to little Gretchen Kramer.

"I forgot that this is your first year in our school, Gretchen," she explained. "Every year we have a valentine box. Children drop valentines for their friends into the slot at the top. You can make the valentines yourself if you wish."

Gretchen's heart sank just a bit. It was too late to snip and paste and color so many valentines. There were thirty children in her class. She would not want to miss one.

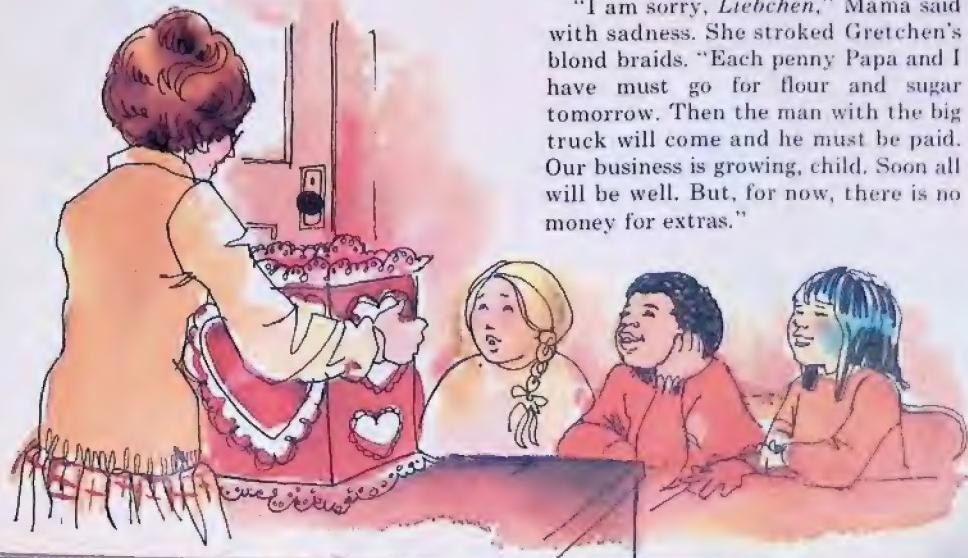
That afternoon, Gretchen raced home. She bounced into the big, hot kitchen where her parents worked from dawn to dark, six days a week. Gretchen's mother left the mixing bowls and the kneading boards only to wait on their customers and to cook for her family.

"Ach, Mama!" Gretchen cried. "Tomorrow our class is having a valentine hour. Mama, please can I have some money to buy valentines for the boys and girls in my class?"

Mrs. Kramer shoved a pan of bread loaves into the huge oven. Newcomers to America from West Germany, she and Otto, Gretchen's father, had bought this bakery with a small down payment. Part of the money had been borrowed from church members who wanted so much to help. There was need now to pay these good friends back. There was need to work hard, to save.

"I am sorry, *Liebchen*," Mama said with sadness. She stroked Gretchen's blond braids. "Each penny Papa and I have must go for flour and sugar tomorrow. Then the man with the big truck will come and he must be paid. Our business is growing, child. Soon all will be well. But, for now, there is no money for extras."

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to the door. She opened it wide. "Come in," she said.

Gretchen stared, her blue eyes wide. There in the doorway, her broad face under her plaid kerchief bright with love, stood Mama. Mama Kramer held out a big cardboard box. The spicy, fruity odor that came, warm and rich, from the box, filled the whole classroom.

Mrs. Kramer set the box on the teacher's desk. "This I bring to you, a heart valentine cookie for each friend and one for you, her teacher, with love from my Gretchen," she said shyly.

"What a wonderful treat and what a nice surprise," Miss Maple exclaimed. "I have been hearing about all the good things you and your husband bake, Mrs. Kramer."

She turned to the smiling children.

"Now, let's all give a great big thank-you to Gretchen and to her mother," she said.

As the children clapped and cheered, Gretchen blinked to keep back happy tears. She wanted to run to Mama and hug her hard, but she knew Mama would want her to keep her seat in class. The big hug would wait until later.

* A valentine story for the very young.

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Two o'clock, the time for valentine giving, came all too soon. Miss Maple clapped her hands for attention.

"It is valentine time, children," she said. "I will open the box. Alfredo Lopez and Erik Johnstone will pass out the valentines."

Soon every desk, including Gretchen's, blossomed with bright cards. Gretchen tried hard to smile.

As the last cards were being handed out, a knock sounded. Miss Maple went



The Storks of Poland

By Stena Wilder
Illustrated by Tom Gunnington

When spring comes, the sun is warmer and shines longer, and the snow melts away. A warm breeze dries the ground. This is the time for early migratory birds to return to their breeding grounds in the countries which they left in the fall.

There are many such birds which, with the coming of spring, return to Poland. Probably the most awaited of all is the stork. He is the earliest arrival—at the end of April. Children in Poland are always on the lookout for this sign of spring. There is a legend about the stork: Whoever sees the first one will have good luck.

As a child, I lived in the country and went by train to school in the city. I always watched the fields and trees for storks. So did other children on the train. Sometimes, suddenly, there were several exclamations: "A stork! A stork!"



There are seventeen varieties of storks. Those which come to Poland are white with black-tipped wings and tails. They have long bright-red legs and long red beaks. Against green fields the stork can be seen from quite far because of contrasting colors—white, black, and red.

The stork needs his long legs because he is a wading bird. He feeds mainly on frogs, small fish, and insects. As the stork is very fast in catching food, the frog can seldom escape and has few places to hide.

The stork looks funny when walking. He lifts his long legs high and steps slowly and with care. He can also stand motionless on one leg for long periods of time.

The stork is voiceless. He does not sing or chirp as other birds do, but the clanging noise made with his beak can be heard a long way in the quiet of the fields. It is not a loud, harsh noise. It is a very char-

acteristic, pleasant sound.

When the stork returns from the warm lands with his mate, he usually tries to find the old nest from the previous year. Often most of the old nest is still there. If not, his first job is to build a new nest for the family.

Storks often nest near houses and farm buildings and people help them to establish a home. In Poland the farmers often put an old cartwheel or a hoop on the roof of a barn or a tall tree to make a foundation for the stork's nest. Having storks nesting close by is considered good luck. Then Papa Stork and Mama Stork gather the building materials: grass, twigs, and anything they think might be useful. All this is woven into a strong, warm nest which will give shelter to the baby storks.

It is not disturbing to have storks on the roof of a house because they are so quiet. Gliding gracefully through the air on outspread wings, their flight is soundless.

When the nest is ready, Mama



* Accurate natural science information.

strong and their bodies are covered with feathers, the time comes to teach them to be independent. The family gathers in the nest. There is much activity as flying lessons begin. They exercise their wings by spreading and flapping them and after several tries, the little ones are able to fly to a nearby branch, later to another tree. Mama and Papa Stork seem very happy and proud of their children, and one of them is always nearby to watch their progress.

Though storks return to Poland every year and the raising of their families is repeated, when their flying lessons begin, people watch them with interest.

I have frequently had the fun of watching the baby storks "exercise" their wings and their first attempts at flying to the nearby branches and other trees. It seemed much like a human baby's first, unsteady steps. The young storks practice their new skill until they are really able to fly. Soon they fly with their parents to streams and marshes where they learn to look for food.

As summer changes to autumn, the nights become cooler and the rain more frequent. There is great

activity among all stork families. They fly restlessly and return to their nests more often. Then the most important day comes. They all gather somewhere on a meadow or a large field, where they hold a "stork convention." There is much beak-clanging and much wing-flapping. In a way understandable only to themselves, the storks decide that it is time for them to fly away. They fly to faraway, warm lands to spend the winter.

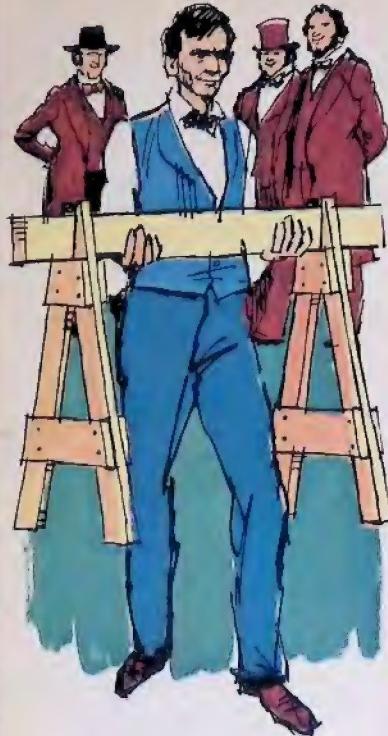
By that time the baby storks are already full-grown and strong enough to fly with their parents to the distant, unknown lands.

The storks usually leave Poland sometime in September. Children watch sadly as the friendly birds leave their nests for the last time. They know that a long, cold winter is approaching. But they also know that in the spring the storks will be back again to raise their families there.

Storks still come to Poland in the early spring, as they always did, and are just as eagerly awaited there as before. However, for some generally unknown reason, there are fewer of them arriving now. I hope that they will always come so that the children of Poland may have the same delight in them which I had.



When the baby storks have grown



Mr. Lincoln Had a Twinkle

By Ruth Jaeger Buntain

Most of the pictures of Abraham Lincoln show him as a sad man. There is no twinkle in his eyes, no smile on his lips.

Often Mr. Lincoln was sad. While he was President, the Civil War was going on. There were many problems to be solved. These weighed heavily on him.

However, Lincoln was not all sadness. A part of him was fun and

laughter. He liked to tell stories, jokes, riddles. He liked to play pranks.

When Lincoln was a young lawyer, he once had some fun with a judge, a friend of his. He and the judge joked about who would get the better of the other in a horse-trade. They agreed to meet the next morning, each bringing his horse for the trade. Neither would see the other's horse until then.

Word got around about the horse-trade, and the next morning a crowd of people gathered. They wondered who would get the better of the deal.

First came the judge. He was dragging a horse after him. It was the skinniest, boniest, sickliest-looking horse anyone had ever seen. It could hardly stand on its feet. The crowd doubted that Lincoln could find a more miserable-looking nag.

Then came Lincoln, carrying his horse in his arms. It was a saw horse, a carpenter's wooden "horse." The people laughed and clapped. They knew that Lincoln had won the trade.

Another humorous tale is told about lawyer Lincoln. It is said that once as he was walking along a dusty road, a farmer in a wagon came along on his way to town.

"Will you please take my overcoat to town with you?" Lincoln asked the farmer.

"Sure," the farmer replied. "But how will you get it back again?"

"That won't be any trouble," Lincoln answered. "I'll be right inside it."

Lincoln often used a joke, anecdote, or riddle to explain a point he wanted to make. Or to answer a question.

Once while he was President, an inventor came to him, saying that the weapon he had invented would

help win the war. He told Lincoln all the wonderful things his invention could do.

Lincoln listened and then he asked the man a riddle. "Suppose I call a sheep's tail a leg," Lincoln said to the man. "Then how many legs has a sheep?"

"Five," the man answered quickly.

"Not so," Lincoln answered. "A sheep has four legs. Calling a tail a leg doesn't make it one."

Lincoln had used the riddle to prove that just saying a thing is true doesn't make it true.

Another riddle he liked to ask was about some pigeons. "If there are three pigeons on a fence," Lincoln asked, "and you fire and kill one, how many will there be left?"

"Two," most people would answer.

"No. There would be none left," Lincoln said. "For the other two pigeons, frightened by the shooting, would have flown away."

Lincoln thought riddles were good mind-sharpeners. He thought they could help children become good thinkers.

Often, as Lincoln listened to someone talking, he would be reminded of a story, a joke, or an anecdote that he had heard. Then he would say, "That reminds me of a story . . ."

One of the stories of which he was sometimes reminded was one that his father had told him when he was a boy. It was about a farmer who had a hog.

The hog was so big that many people came to see it. A stranger heard about the hog and asked the farmer if he might see it.

"Sure," said the farmer, "but it will cost you a quarter."

The stranger didn't say anything for a moment. Then he took a quarter from his pocket, handed it

to the farmer, and walked away.

"Don't you want to see the hog?" the farmer called after him.

"No thanks," the stranger answered. "I've just seen the biggest hog I want to see."

When Lincoln was elected President, the family had to move from Springfield to Washington. There were so many things to take with them that Lincoln didn't think they should take Fido, the dog.

Fido belonged partly to their neighbors, the Rolls, and partly to the Lincolns. Willie and Tad, Lincoln's sons, wanted to take Fido with them. "Please, Papa," they begged, "let Fido go with us."

It was hard for Lincoln to say no to his sons. He often used a joke to soften his denial. "We can't take Fido with us," Lincoln said. "Only half of Fido belongs to us. The other half belongs to the Rolls. How would we know which half to take?"

While Lincoln was President, many people came to him, asking for favors. Among those who came were some of his generals. They thought

they could do a better job of running the country than he could. Often they came to him, asking for more power, more honors, more promotions.

Wearyed by their requests, Lincoln told them a story about the monkey who wasn't satisfied with his tail.

He was the biggest and strongest of a tribe of monkeys that was going to war. The other monkeys chose him to be their leader. As the leader, he didn't think his tail was big enough. So he asked the other monkeys to make him a longer tail. This they did.

They kept adding pieces of tail to it. But the chief was never satisfied. The longer they made it, the longer he wanted it. At last it was so long that it lay in coils all over the floor. The coils reached to the ceiling and filled the room. The leader was so trapped in his tail that he couldn't even move.

Lincoln told this story to his generals to remind them that they had all the power they needed. Any more power would be a hindrance and not a help.



Lincoln had a favorite book of jokes. It was called *Joe Miller's Joke Book*. He often told jokes that he had read in the book. Here's one of them:

"Last winter, it is said, a cow floated down the Mississippi on a piece of ice. She became so cold that since then she gives ice cream instead of milk."

This is a riddle from Miller's book:

"Question: What was the name of Black Hawk's son?

Answer: Tommy Hawk (toma-hawk), of course."

Some people didn't think Lincoln should tell jokes. They said: "The President should not be wasting time on funny stories while this terrible war is going on."

Many people understood that Lincoln needed to laugh. They knew that joke-telling was a release for him. Without some light moments, he might have broken under the strain. Lincoln knew this, too. He said once, "Under this awful strain, I should die if I could not laugh." Another time he said, "A good story is medicine to my bones." Mr. Lincoln's twinkles were often medicine to other men's bones.



Valentines and Orange Peels

By Nancy Garber
Illustrated by Anthony Rao

Matt took the subway to school every day. He counted the steps down to the station and up again. He always tried to get the eleventh strap to hold onto, just because he liked the number eleven. Sometimes the fat man got on before Matt did and got strap eleven, and then Matt had to take whatever strap he could get.

Matt liked anything to do with numbers. He counted the cracks in the sidewalk from the subway station to the newsstand on the corner, and sometimes he bumped into people because his head was down.

"Hey, Matt," his friend Agnes called out. "You'd better watch where you're going." Agnes ran the newsstand, and she was the most interesting looking woman he'd ever seen. She had wiry gray hair that

looked just like steel wool where it escaped from the bun in the back. She wore thick, tan stockings and old slippers on her feet, and a man's sweater covered her almost to the knees, hot days or cold.

And her dog, Kate, loved orange peels. Every morning on the way to the station Matt brought Kate an orange peel to chomp on, and she wagged her stubby tail and licked him for it. Kate had four tufts of black hair (Matt counted them, of course) and the rest of her was a wiry gray, like Agnes' hair. In cold weather Kate sat on Agnes' feet in the old slippers, and that way they both kept warm.

There was a lot of black slushy snow piled up in front of the newsstand one day in February. "A hard winter," Agnes said. "A hard

winter." Then she turned to the men and women hurrying by, their collars clutched against the cold. "Examiner! Get the latest *Examiner*!" she called in her ready voice.

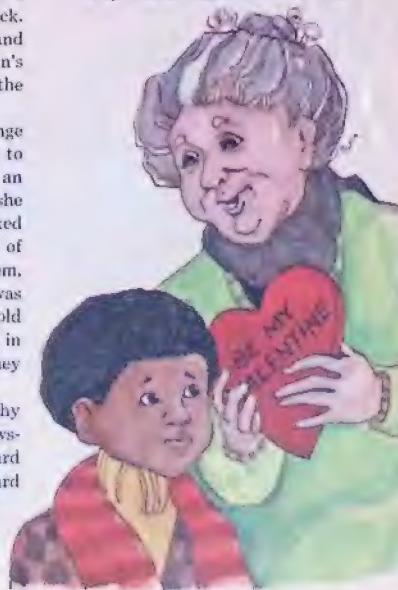
Matt was in a sort of a hurry because this was Valentine's Day, and he could hardly wait to get to school to work on the card for his mom. But when he saw how wet Agnes' slippers were, and how soggy poor Kate's tail was, he grabbed the old broom inside the stand and started to sweep the slush away.

"You don't have time for that, Matt," Agnes said. "I'll do it later. You'll be late for school."

"It will take just a minute," Matt said. "I'll hurry." The slush was dark and heavy, but he pushed at it with the broom until it sloshed into the street, and then he ran for his train.

On the way home from school that day, Matt didn't count the steps to the station. He didn't look for strap eleven. He almost walked right by Agnes and Kate without seeing them.

"Hey, Matt," Agnes called. "Why



the long face? Your girl turn you down?"

"I don't have a girl friend," Matt mumbled.

She put her huge hand under his chin. "Well then, what is it? Kate and I don't like to see sadness on the face of our favorite friend."

Matt said, "I lost the valentine I made for Mom. I lost it somewhere on the playground. I don't know where I lost it."

"Of course you don't. If you did, you could find it."

"Agnes, I made this neat valentine—you should've seen it. Red shiny paper and a lace heart. All the kids said it was the best one. Now it's gone."

"Don't worry, chum," Agnes said. She reached under the counter. "The fat man from your train gave me this today. His secretary gave it to him, but he's on a diet. You take it to your mom." She held out a tiny, red heart-shaped box of chocolate.

"Oh no," Agnes said. "I never eat chocolate. And you know it's not good for dogs. So Kate can't eat it, either." She laughed.

"Oh, Agnes," he said, "do you really mean it?"

"Why not? I can't think of anyone I'd rather give it to than you. You never forget Kate's orange peel, and we've been dry all day because

you took the time to sweep the snow for us."



lates with *To My Valentine* on the top.

The red box flashed in the street light. How his mom would love the chocolates. But—"It's neat," he said, "but it's yours."

"Oh no," Agnes said. "I never eat chocolate. And you know it's not good for dogs. So Kate can't eat it, either." She laughed.

"Oh, Agnes," he said, "do you really mean it?"

"Why not? I can't think of anyone I'd rather give it to than you. You never forget Kate's orange peel, and we've been dry all day because



Matching Valentines

Look at each picture at the left.
Find the one like it at the right.



★

A warm, human-interest story.

★ Seeing similarities prepares the child for reading.

Goofus and Gallant

By Garry Cleveland Myers
Pictures by Marion Hult Hammel



Goofus reads many comic books at the drugstore.



Gallant doesn't handle things he doesn't want to buy.



At the food store Goofus runs all over the place.



Gallant stays with his mother and helps her.



Goofus goes with a pal to look at things in the store, not to buy them.



Gallant goes into the store with an older person to buy things there.

28



Out in the Snow

By Constance McAllister

The twins wanted to go out to play in the snow. "Dress warmly," said Mother.

"Put on your hats and your scarfs and your mittens .

Outside, snowflakes were falling through the air. The twins brought their sled with them. They took their snow shovels , too.

"Let's build an igloo , said Jimmy.

"Let's slide down the hill on our sled , said Karen.

"Let's build a snowman , they both said together.

The snow was deep. By the time they had climbed to the top of the hill, the twins' legs were covered with snow. Down the hill they went, rocketing along through the snow on their sled .

When they were tired of sledding, the twins started to build an igloo .

It was fun to cut blocks of snow with their snow shovels and put them in place. Their arms became covered with snow.

Then they heard Mother call, "It's time to come inside now."

Karen and Jimmy walked through the trampled snow to the back door.

"We did slide down the hill on our sled , said Jimmy.

"We did build an igloo , said Karen.

"But we didn't make a snowman , they both suddenly remembered.

When Mother saw them coming, she said, "My goodness! Come in and take off your snowy clothes. You have made yourselves into two snowmen .

The twins looked at each other and smiled.

29

Some Facts About George Washington

By Muriel T. Hyzer

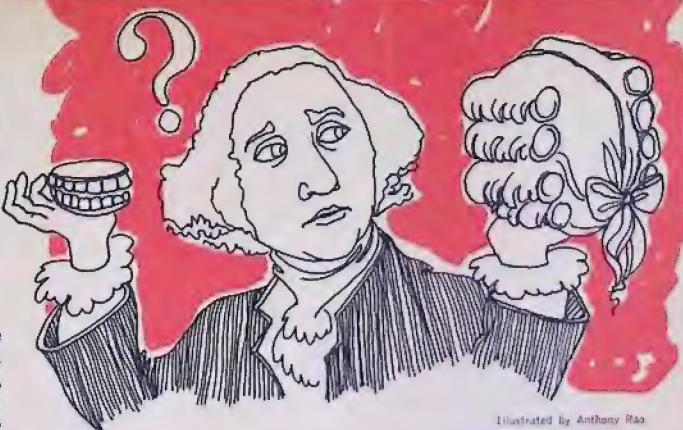
Stories and legends about George Washington could fill many books. But according to Frank E. Morse, Research and Reference Librarian at Mount Vernon for over twenty years, many commonly believed stories about our first President are exaggerations—and some are simply not true.

30

The celebration of Washington's birthday grew spontaneously, rather than by legal action. As early as the eighteenth century, there were large celebrations of the day. In 1778, Proctor's Artillery Band of the Continental Army surprised Washington at his headquarters by saluting him with a band concert on his birthday. In 1781, Compte de Rochambeau, commander of the French army in the United States,



★ A better understanding of the "Father of our Country."



Illustrated by Anthony Rao

gave his army a holiday as a birthday compliment to Washington.

President Adams, by proclamation, named February 22, 1800 (the first anniversary of Washington's birthday after his death) a memorial day for Washington.

In colonial days the birthday of the English king was celebrated. Washington's birthday seems to have been one guinea.

Dentists advertised to buy sound human teeth and some poor people sold teeth out of their jaws to the dentists. The usual price seems to have been one guinea.

John Adams stated that Washington attributed his dental troubles to having cracked walnuts with his teeth in his youth.

"There is no evidence that Washington ever wore a wig," Mr. Morse further states. "He had plenty of hair of his own. He wore his hair long and drawn back in a queue. Hair powder was in style for dress-up occasions, and Washington powdered his hair for dinners and social affairs.

His accounts show purchases both of brown and of white hair powder. The color of his hair was dark (or auburn) brown. It became gray during the Revolution and later became white."

George Washington could afford the best dentists of the day. It wasn't until three years before his death, in 1796, that he lost his last tooth. It is true that he had partial dentures, but they were not wooden; they were ivory, or human teeth, fastened to an ivory or gold base. Of the two better authenticated and known surviving sets, one has an

A doubtful story is the often-repeated tale of young George and a cherry tree. The first appearance of this story is in a book by a writer who was not concerned about facts but was concerned about making an impression, and who invented illustrations to suit his purposes. The

story has grown, as in its original form the tree was not cut down though the bark was damaged. At any rate there is nothing unusual about a girl or boy telling the truth.

Frank Morse occasionally, when he has time, mixes with the visitors at Mount Vernon and hears their comments. Some are odd. One lady asked the name of Mrs. Washington's husband. What she had in mind to ask was the name of Martha's first husband, Mr. Custis, for Washington married a widow. Another asked why the Washingtons didn't keep the sundial in the house where it would be handier to read on rainy days and after dark.

Schoolchildren tend to ask de-

tailed, matter-of-fact, sensible questions: "What did the Washingtons have for breakfast?" "How tall was George Washington?" "What were the names of his horses?" (That is somewhat difficult to answer, as he owned several hundred in his lifetime.)

Whether or not Washington ever went to school is not known. There is no record to show that he did or did not. Perhaps all the teaching he had was by private tutors. There is evidence to show this. But he learned all his life. He listened to people more than he talked. He kept an open mind and read and experimented and observed. He was learning up to the time of his death.

But he also liked parties, games, hunting, fishing, boat and horse races, picnics, barbecues, theatre, dances, and social conversations.

Every February twenty-second many visitors come to Mount Vernon. The number varies. Over 10,000 visitors have been welcomed there on some days. Mount Vernon is open every day of the year. In the springtime, between Palm Sunday and Memorial Day, many schoolchildren come. Of these, graduating classes form a large part. Although Mount Vernon is not in the District of Columbia, a trip to Mount Vernon, 15 miles south in Virginia, adds a great deal to a visit to the nation's capital.

31

Beginning With b

For each phrase below, give a word that begins with the sound of b, where you sleep

what you hit a baseball with
day you were born

a yellow fruit

cook in an oven

what you put on a cut

a toy that bounces

place where you save money

person who cuts hair

a very young child

what you are with your shoes

and socks off

house for cows

place where you can swim

very pretty

hair on a man's chin

animal that chews down trees

two-wheeler

creature that flies

keeps you warm at night

what you make toast out of

first meal of the day

Fun With Phonics

Find the Rhymes

In each box, there are three things whose names rhyme with each other, and one which does not rhyme. Can you find the one that does not belong?



★ Learning sound relationships.

Study No. 6, Opus 70

Moscheles

Arranged by Irene Harrington Young

Allegro

mf

Ignaz Moscheles

1794-1870

By Irene Bennett Needham

"Ach! Am I to be forever haunted by that wretched 'Alexander March'?"

Ignaz Moscheles ran his hands through his dark curly hair, while in the next room an enthusiastic audience clapped and cheered and called for its favorite number.

"When will they outgrow that thing?" growled Moscheles crossly. "I have."

"Oh come, Ignaz," soothed a friend who had come to congratulate him on a brilliant performance. "Let them have their fun. Besides, only you can play it properly."

Moscheles had to laugh. "You mean, having composed that bag of tricks, I am now stuck with it. Well, so be it." Back he went and this time began the stunning set of variations which had done more than anything else to make him a popular concert artist, although he had been in great demand as a teacher.

Later the two men walked slowly back to their homes.

"How did you come to compose that piece anyway, Ignaz, if you so dislike it now?" asked his companion.

Moscheles raised his eyebrows. "Of course, I didn't dislike it when I wrote it eight years ago. I'm just tired of being asked to play it every single time I sit down. Actually, Countess Harbigg was organizing a benefit concert for some charity in Vienna in 1815, and asked me to play. I refused because I had written



Illustrated by Jerome Weissman

ten nothing new, but she kept insisting. That was in January."

"When was the benefit?"

"About two weeks later."

"It didn't leave you much time," commented his friend.

"No," Ignaz smiled. "You will remember that the Emperor Alexander of Russia was visiting Vienna then. I finally decided to write some variations on the march played by his regiment and I wrote furiously for a week."

"It must be the best known set of variations in all Europe by now," said his friend.

Moscheles sighed. "I have worn it out. It was a showpiece only. Now, if it had been as good as Beethoven's work, I would play it willingly at every single concert. His is music that will survive any fashion and live through the ages."

Ignaz' march is indeed a pianistic bag of tricks, requiring wonderful technical skill to play properly. It is full of great jumps from one end of the piano to the other, and long stretches of repeated notes; Moscheles was one of the few people who could play it with the needed accuracy.

Perhaps when he composed the variations, he was remembering how

much he had enjoyed the regimental marches he had heard as a child. Ignaz had been born in 1794, the second of five children. As he was growing up, the news was dominated by the French Revolution, even in faraway Prague, and the children often listened to the military band playing in front of the guardhouse near their home. Father Moscheles was a cloth merchant, but in the evenings, the family always gathered around while he played the guitar and sang.

"One of my children must become a thoroughbred musician," he used to say as he put away the guitar. "When you are eight, you will start your piano lessons." He smiled fondly at his eldest child, a girl. When the lessons began, Ignaz sat in the corner muttering about her mistakes. "Dear me, how stupid!" he said rudely after a particularly bad set of chords. "I could do it better myself!"

To silence him, the teacher invited him over to the piano, while the disinterested sister slipped gratefully off the bench. Three days later Father announced that Ignaz would have the lessons.

Moscheles raced ahead. He spent all his pocket money borrowing

music from a circulating library, and by the time he was seven, could actually play several Beethoven sonatas. Fortunately, his parents found another teacher who insisted that he stop rattling wildly through music he didn't understand and begin a serious program of study. Thus Ignaz started on a long road

toward being a first-class professional musician.

Ignaz is best remembered now as Felix Mendelssohn's teacher. He also knew Beethoven well and was later responsible for a meticulous edition of the great master's works. His real loves were for improvising on the piano, and for Beethoven at

a time when Beethoven was considered much too complicated for the general public. Moscheles gave small private concerts for his friends and gradually introduced more and more of Ludwig Beethoven's works to his pupils. His own compositions are seldom played now except for a few of his piano exercises.

Some of Our Freedoms

Your father or mother, or both of them together, often go to meetings. And so do grownups who are not parents. It may be a meeting of the PTA, the Grange, the American Legion, a club, a labor organization, or a religious or political group. It may be a special meeting to talk about ways of improving the schools and churches; or of having a cleaner, healthier, and better country; or of making complaints to some of the officials of our government and requesting them to do better.

All over our country, on any day or evening, there are hundreds and thousands of such meetings. All persons are free to attend such meetings at any time they please, and to discuss at these meetings anything they choose to talk about, so long as they say or do nothing to overthrow our government by force.

You and your parents can go to church where you choose, and can worship God as you please. On your

street or near your home, different persons go to different churches, and worship in different ways. A certain family may go to a Catholic church, the people who live across the street from them may go to a Protestant church, and the people who live next door to them may go to a Jewish synagogue. All these people are good friends and neighbors but they happen to go to different churches and to worship God in different ways.

But no policeman or any other government official ever tries to find out where any of them go to church, or whether they go to church at all. No person representing our government has anything to say about anybody's religion.

Every person in our country may go to any meeting he chooses, attend any church he likes, and worship God as he pleases.

If you and I lived in certain other countries of the world, we wouldn't have these freedoms.



"Yes, it does make you look taller."

Riddles

Selected by Children Seven to Twelve Years of Age

1. What gives you the power to look through a wall?

Eric Lehman—Michigan

2. When is it bad luck to have a black cat follow you? Lisa Giger—Arizona

3. What word of seven carries the most letters? Yvonne Headler—Georgia

4. What happens when it rains nickels, dimes, and pennies? May Dixon—California

5. What has a mouth, but never eats; and a bed, but never sleeps? Tracy Pearson—New York

6. Why do people use yeast and shoe polish? Cynthia Hill—District of Columbia

7. Who does not play the rules of a game? David Watergold—New York

8. I know something from France. That you will know at a glance, It's made of copper and stands so tall. Those who stand beside look so small.

It's a symbol of freedom to all. What is it? Linda Fanning—Missouri

9. What can you hold in your left hand, but not in your right hand? Lynn Berndt—Michigan

Answers:
1. A window
2. When you are a mouse
3. Pictures
4. Letters
5. A mirror
6. A tree
7. A ladder
8. The Statue of Liberty
9. Your left hand

In what month do we usually do these things?

start a new grade in school
celebrate New Year's Day

observe Columbus Day

get a new calendar

observe Memorial Day

see an Independence Day parade

celebrate Lincoln's Birthday

observe Labor Day

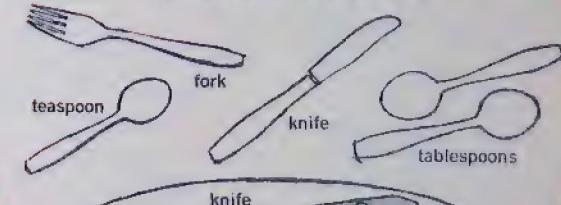
have Christmas vacation from school

make valentines

elect government officials

honor Martin Luther King, Jr.

Which of these would be placed by your plate at the table?
By your dad's plate?
Where would each of them be?
What would the tablespoons be used for?
The large fork? The large knife?



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For Smart Minds

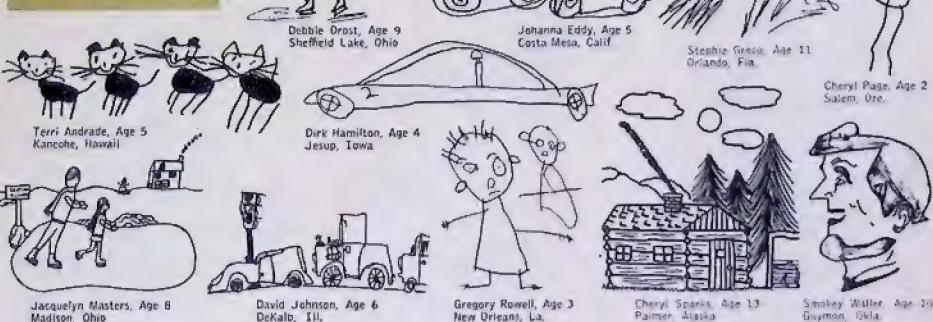
Applying force
in one direction
to move something
in a different direction.



Which of the above could raise or lift themselves from the ground?
How could they do it?
Which can raise itself higher, a cat or a sparrow?

35

Our Own Pages



36

Snow

Snow covers the trees
and a breeze blows the branches.
Snow covers the remaining leaves
and the remaining puddles freeze.

Richard Rubin, Age 7
Newton, Mass.

George Washington

There once was a man named Washington,
Who was a Virginia resident.
And it is very true
That he became our first President.

Before he became our President,
He did many things so fine;
He was good at arithmetic,
So he learned to run a survey line.

When that Revolution broke out,
Washington did even more;
He became the American commander
And he helped us win the war.

And when that war was over,
That Virginia resident
really did become
Our first President!

Diane O'Donnell, Age 10
Jersey City, N.J.

Nightfall

As the sun slowly sinks in the sky,
The last rays of warmth slip by.
The moon is faint, brighter, bright,
The sun is now out of sight.
Trees are dark figures swaying in
the wind,

While distant lights are far from
dim.
It's time for night to make its way,
And wait for dawn to start another
day.

Cameron Moorehead, Age 12
Hampton, Va.

Snowy Days

Snow is falling
Down, down, down,
Falling gently
To the ground.

Little parts
Of ice and dust,
Come down, snow,
You must, you must.

Everyone jumps,
Laughs and plays,
When there are
Wonderful, snowy days.

Michael Fitzcharles, Age 9
Madison, Wis.

So Still

The mood is quiet,
Everything's so still.
The snow seems to have just settled
itself upon the leaves,
And spread itself among the
branches of the trees.
Not a brown blade of grass
bares itself in the soft white snow.
The glistening streetlights shine
highly through the teeming
branches.

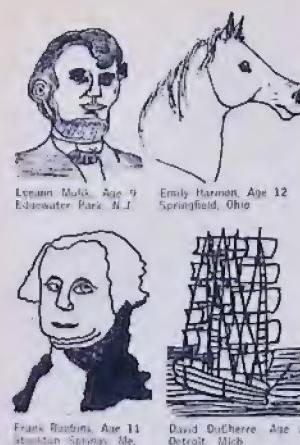
Debbie Baum, Age 11
Rydade, N.Y.

Winter Thoughts

Sometimes in winter I sit and think
That outside the ground looks like
a white mink.
Treetops are glittering.
Snowflakes are fluttering.
While I just sit and think.

While I am dreaming of all those
things,
Treetops are gleaming like diamond
rings.
And I hope in the night
They will gleam just as bright
When I think of those beautiful
things.

Ellen Mandelson, Age 10
Quincy, Mass.



How Quiet Is Quiet?

Quiet as a mouse,
Quiet as an ant crawling,
Quiet as a cloud,
Quiet as a bean plant growing,
And quiet as a candle
Burning in the night.

Kurt Koelling, Age 5
Los Alamos, N.M.

Abe Lincoln

The story begins with a wonderful
boy
Who lived in Kentucky, and then
Illinois.

He worked very hard, splitting logs
and rails,
Was given a talent of telling tales.

He proved as a clerk to be patient
and fair,
His honesty soon became known
everywhere.

Evenings would find him before a
log fire,
Studying hard, seeming never to
tire.

From simple beginnings, this man
so grand
Became a fine leader of our great
land.

James Mueller, Age 12
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Letters to the Editor

I would like to comment on a HIGHLIGHTS view which I disagree with. I believe you should not encourage people to throw bottles overboard from ships. Ecology says this is wrong. Because I am only ten, you think me and other subscribers do not care about pollution. I would like to point this out. Otherwise, I think you are a wonderful magazine that my whole family admires.

Dan D. Levintow
Kentfield, Calif.

I think you have a fine idea. From now on we shall try to avoid ever suggesting that children throw a bottle in the ocean. Of course it can be great fun to find a bottle that has been washed across the sea after it has been thrown into it from far away. But we are interested in preventing pollution. Your suggestion is a good one.

—The Editor

How does a writer's manuscript get in a printed book?

Karen McMahon
Davidson, Mich.

The question you sent is a very interesting one. The manuscript is sent to us, usually, in typed form. We then type it on manuscript paper and send it to the printer, who returns what we call proofs, which are checked to make sure that there are no mistakes. The printer then takes the corrected proofs and prepares reproduction proof. This is pasted on large sheets of cardboard and photographed. From these photographs, copies of HIGHLIGHTS are then printed.

—The Editor

I have just finished reading your article, "Letters to the Editor," and I just wanted you to know that I think it would be very thoughtful to print an article about deaf people. I, like Tammie Cason, of Oak Ridge, Tennessee, am deaf. It is very hard for me to pull through school, as I am in the sixth grade, but I have a tutor who helps the deaf children in my school. I would like you to mention that some deaf people can't understand sign language but

—The Editor

talk like normal people. I have had problems like this once, but I have corrected them. I do not have all problems, but some deaf people are smart, and many people do not understand that. Most people consider deaf people stupid, but that is not true, since I am the second best speller in my class and do fairly well in most subjects. And the children in my class treat me like anyone else. I just thought I'd write in, hoping Tammie can see what problems other deaf people have, so she, like I, can feel fortunate that we do not have bigger problems like being blind or crippled for instance. When I was six, I was struck with spinal meningitis and no one knew whether I would die, be blind, crippled, or deaf. Miraculously, I pulled through, and I am hoping to prove that deaf people can do almost anything normal people can do.

Janet Wanstrath
Cincinnati, Ohio

I'm in love with horses. I'm very happy that you print many horse stories. When I grow up, I would like to be a horse breeder. Can you tell me what I should know?

Robin Nace
East Northport, N.Y.

Thank you for your nice letter telling us that you enjoy horse stories. I am sure that when you are grown you will find working with horses interesting. Just work hard in school and read all you can find about horses.

—The Editor

I enjoy your magazine very much and the information I can use for schoolwork. It's a great help! I read all the stories, jokes, riddles, and articles.

Kenneth Gosselin
Meriden, Conn.

It is very nice to have a letter from one of our subscribers saying that HIGHLIGHTS is of great use in schoolwork. We believe this is true. Many children tell us that they use our materials for reports and the like.

—The Editor

Make your drawings with black pencil or crayon on white paper, about eight by eleven inches. Print your name, age, street address, city, state, and zip code on the back. Enclose a note from your parent or teacher stating that the stories, poems, or drawings are your very own—that the drawings have not been traced or copied from pictures, and that you have not read or heard the stories or poems anywhere else. Mail to Highlights for Children, Homestead, Pennsylvania 18431. No child's contribution will be paid for, or returned.

37



Harry S. Truman

1884 - 1972

The People's President

By Walter B. Barbe

Harry S. Truman once called the presidency of the United States the "most responsible job in the world." Thrust into that job by the sudden death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Truman served courageously through a critical period in American history.

Harry Truman was born in Lamar, Missouri, on May 8, 1884, the eldest of three children born to John and Martha Truman. The tiny frame house that was his birthplace had no number and was on a street that had no name.

When Harry Truman was one year old, his family moved to Harrisonville, Missouri, near Kansas City. When he was three, they moved again, to Grandview, Missouri. And when he was six, his family moved to Independence.

From early in life, Truman had

poor eyesight. He wore thick-lensed glasses from the time he was eight years old. He said later that in baseball games, "I umpired because I couldn't see well enough to bat." He could certainly see well enough to read, though, and he read constantly. At thirteen, he had read all the books in the Independence Public Library and had read the Bible twice. His favorite subject was history, and he continued to study it for the rest of his life.

During the summer, Harry and his brother and sister visited their grandparents on their farm at Grandview. They helped with the chores, rode horses, and swam. Harry always had a large number of pets—"dogs and cats, pigeons and pet pigs."

When he was ten, Harry Truman

began piano lessons from his mother. He would rise at five every morning and practice two hours before school. He once said the only thing that kept him from becoming a musician was that "I wasn't good enough." As President, Truman loved to play the piano, and entertained such international figures as Stalin and Churchill.

One of his greatest disappointments was learning that he could not attend the U. S. Military Academy at West Point because of his poor vision. After working as a bank clerk, and then farming for a number of years, he joined the army.

During World War I, Truman served as a captain in France. He was discharged with the rank of major and returned to Missouri. Soon afterward, he married his childhood sweetheart, Elizabeth Wallace. He had first seen her when he was six or seven, but for about five years was too shy to speak to her.

Truman's first elected office was as county judge. From that position he was elected U. S. Senator from Missouri. He distinguished himself as the chairman of a Senate committee to investigate the defense effort. His committee was credited with saving more than 15 billion dollars in military contracts. Harry Truman was building a reputation for honesty and efficiency.

He was also becoming known as a man of the people. Truman was not wealthy, lacked a college education, and had little skill as a formal speaker. But he had strongly held beliefs and the courage to express them. He was viewed by those who knew him as a warm and considerate person. His daughter Margaret said of him, "He cares about

everything and nothing is too much trouble. He was born kind."

In 1944 Truman was nominated as the vice-presidential candidate to run with Franklin D. Roosevelt. In what may be the shortest acceptance speech on record—92 words—Truman accepted the nomination. On April 12, 1945, only 82 days after his fourth-term inauguration, Roosevelt died and Harry Truman became the thirty-third President of the United States.

From the beginning he was faced with tremendous problems: World War II had to be won; the economy had to be kept stable and healthy; relations were already growing tense with our war ally Russia.

The war ended shortly after Truman made the decision to use the new and powerful atomic bomb in Japan. But the problems of a nation returning to peace after a world war were also very great.

The task of economically rebuilding war-torn nations began. The Truman Doctrine and, later, the

Marshall Plan were important programs of American aid developed while Truman was President. The Truman Doctrine provided economic aid to Greece and Turkey, and pledged the support of the United States in fighting communism there. The Marshall Plan, which was the work of General George Marshall, went further and offered assistance to other nations in Europe. Together they gave a new direction to American foreign policy.

President Truman was concerned about establishing the foundations of world peace, and played an important role in the founding of the United Nations and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO).

The change from a wartime to a peacetime economy required sacrifice on the part of many Americans. Controls on prices and on the availability of goods made Truman less popular with the American public. His stand in favor of civil rights

legislation angered others. Republicans had control of Congress and voted against many of his programs. As a result, when Truman ran for re-election in 1948, he was expected to lose to Republican Thomas E. Dewey.

But Truman campaigned hard; he "whistle-stopped" the country on trains and took his case directly to the people. And in one of the greatest upsets in American political history, Truman defeated Dewey.

In 1950, Truman faced the painful decision to commit American forces to a war in Korea. American soldiers were sent in after North Korea invaded South Korea.

Harry Truman served until 1952 and chose not to run for re-election. He returned to his home in Independence and continued to lead an active life. Today, many historians believe that Truman should be ranked with the great Presidents. Truman himself said, "I hope to be remembered as the people's President."



Photograph courtesy of The Truman Library and Museum



A Special Valentine

By James W. Perrin, Jr.

Cut a heart shape from the lid of a small gift box. Paint the outside of the box red. Glue a sheet of white paper into the bottom of the inside of the box. With a crayon or marker make hearts on the white paper. Glue a ring of paper to the center of the heart. Glue a red construction-paper heart to the ring. Decorate the lid with yarn. From white paper cut letters that say "Be Mine" and glue to the lid. Glue the lid on the box. Glue the box to a piece of red paper that is a little larger than the box.

Turtle Valentine

By Lynn Grimes

Cut a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slice from the bottom of a large gumdrop. Moisten the bottom of the gumdrop slightly and push it into a half walnut shell, moistened side up. Stick a raisin on one end of a toothpick for the head. Push the toothpick all the way through the gumdrop so that a bit

Secret Message Valentine

By June Rose Mobly

All you need to make this valentine is an empty salt box with a shaker top, some paint, and a bit of yarn. Cut a small heart pattern, place on the top of the salt box so that the shaker spout is in the center, and trace around the pattern. Cut out the heart shape. Paint it a valentine color.

With a paper punch, punch out some dots from several colors of paper. Cut a heart from white or colored paper. Glue the paper dots on the heart in an interesting design. You could even create a picture or write a valentine message with the punched dots.



February Things To Make



Hearts and Dots

By Lee Lindeman

With a paper punch, punch out some dots from several colors of paper. Cut a heart from white or colored paper. Glue the paper dots on the heart in an interesting design. You could even create a picture or write a valentine message with the punched dots.

Dip a Valentine

By Lee Lindeman

Place a large old pan on some newspaper. Fill halfway with water. Put two tablespoons of turpentine in a small jar. Add about half of a teaspoon of oil paint. Stir this mixture with a stick. Use the stick to drop a few drops of the color mixture onto the surface of the water. Notice that it floats. Stir the floating paint to make interesting swirls.

Lay a piece of white paper flat on the top of the water for a second or two. Then take the paper out and let it dry on a sheet of newspaper. When dry, fold the paper and cut a heart design. From the scraps cut smaller hearts or other designs, and put these on a paper valentine. Sometimes you can see pictures in the marbled paper. Draw details to help others see your picture more clearly.



Valentine Tic-tac-toe

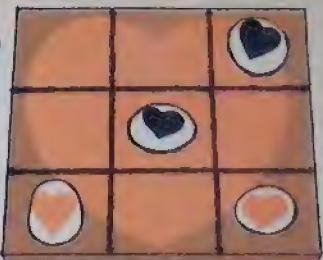
By Lee Lindeman

Make your own board for the well-known game of Tic-tac-toe. Use a square of thin board or heavy cardboard for the base. Paint it in a color you like.

Cut a large colored paper heart that will fit the board. Glue it to the board with rubber cement. Use a felt marker to make the crossed lines, or glue strings to the board to form the lines.

Find ten small stones (or buttons) about the size of a quarter. Cut out five paper or felt hearts and glue them to five of the stones. From a contrasting color, cut five more hearts and glue to the other five stones.

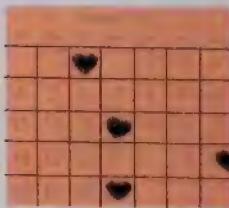
This game set would make a very special valentine.



Heart Toss

By Erma Reynolds

A calendar page for the month of February is placed in the center of the table. Each player in turn stands back about six feet from the table and tosses five candy hearts onto the page. Numbers on which the hearts land are added, and the player with the highest score wins. If a heart lands on February 14, the player gets an extra 25 points. It does not count when a heart lands on the line between numbers.



Paper Doll Valentine

By Loretta Holz

Accordion-pleat a long piece of paper into folds about an inch across. With a pencil, lightly sketch half of a paper doll, being sure that the center is on a fold and that the hands come right out to the end of the paper so the dolls will be holding hands. Cut the dolls out while the paper is still folded. On the chest of each doll write a letter,

for instance L-O-V-E.

If you use construction paper the dolls will stand up. Leave them partially folded and curve the end dolls toward each other.

Or cut the dolls out of white paper. Paste them on a large piece of construction paper. Print on the construction paper your message to your valentine.





Headwork

How many feet does a bird have?

Which is longer, your little toe or your little finger?

Would you like to eat a puppy's food?

Is your chin below your mouth or above your mouth?

Did you ever smell smoke?

Can you make your own bed?

Which has more juice, an orange or an apple?

"Better let me fix that button on your sweater or you will lose it," a mother said to her small son. Why did she say this?

Does a kitten sleep with its eyes shut? Does a fish? Do you?

Try to say *Sammy* with your lips closed tightly.

Do you enjoy your meal if the conversation at the table is unpleasant?

In February, Jane sent out 25 cards. What kind of cards do you suppose they were?

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Parents Attention!



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Which of the following have teeth—hen, dog, robin, cat?

One night Mr. Greely woke his wife and said, "Somebody's car is stuck in the snow not far away." He could not see the car. How did he know it was stuck?

Whom would you call if your baby brother were lost?

What direction do you turn a screw to put it into a board? To remove it?

Why should we never leave nails or tacks on the floor or on the ground?

After Tom had worn his heavy leather shoes in slush and melting snow, he let them dry. They became hard and stiff. What could he have done to make them more soft and pliable?

Why does it take a higher fence to keep deer out of a field than to keep cattle out of it?

Mary was learning to type at school. When she saw her father typing a letter, she said, "You must never have had lessons in typing." Why did she say this?

"Somebody rode a horse down this road," said Mr. Davis. How could he know which way the horse was traveling?

How is a jeep different from a regular car?

When you buy meat and ask for two pounds, does the butcher always give you exactly the amount you ask for?

PARENTS PAGE . . . PARENTS PAGE.

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Yarn Valentines

By James W. Perrin, Jr.

Fold a sheet of construction paper in half to make a card. Cut hearts from another color of paper and glue them to the front of the card. Outline the hearts with glue. Squeeze yarn into this.

Write a Valentine message inside.



Good-bye!



until next month

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